Disney

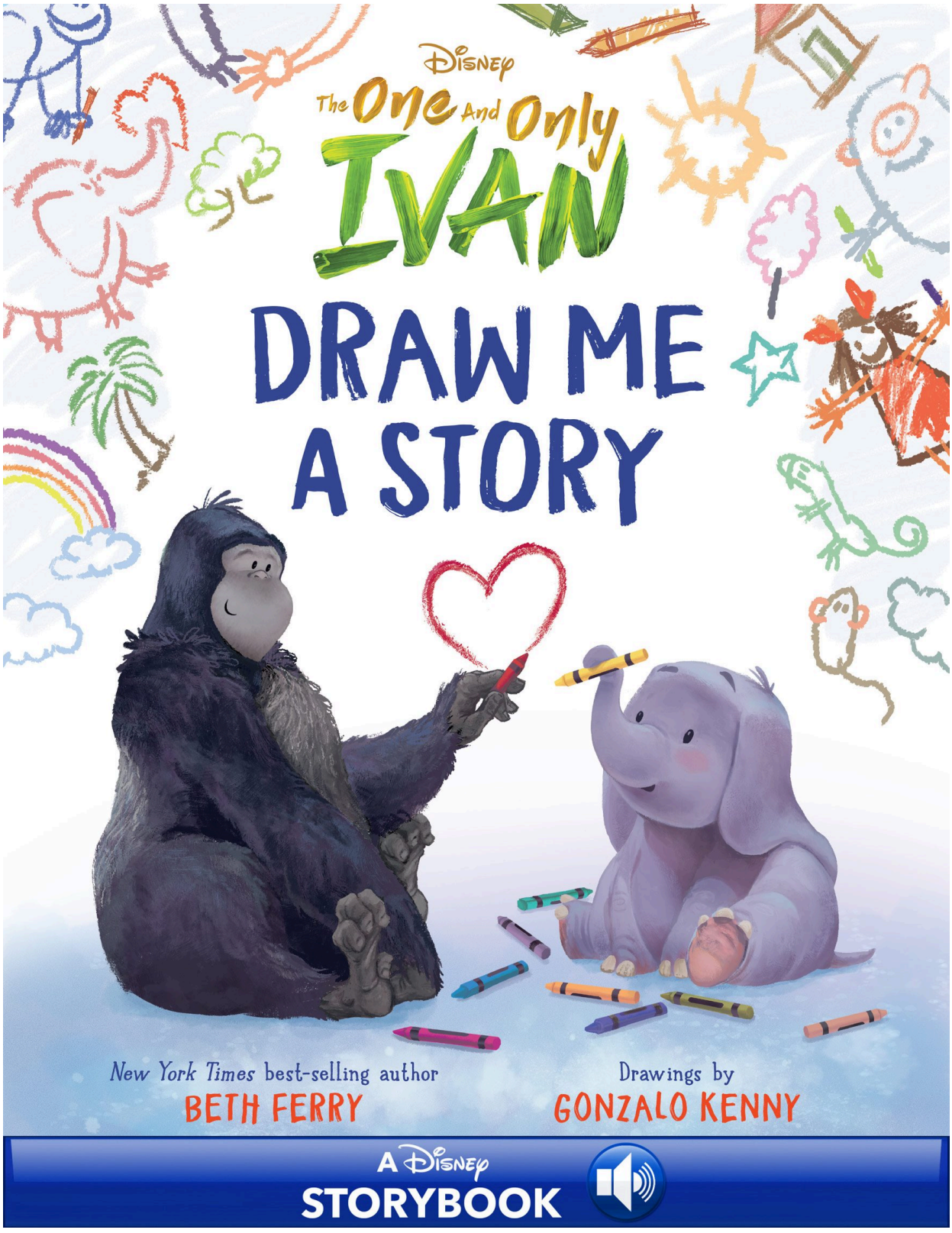
The One and Only IVAN

DRAW ME A STORY

New York Times best-selling author
BETH FERRY

Drawings by
GONZALO KENNY

A Disney STORYBOOK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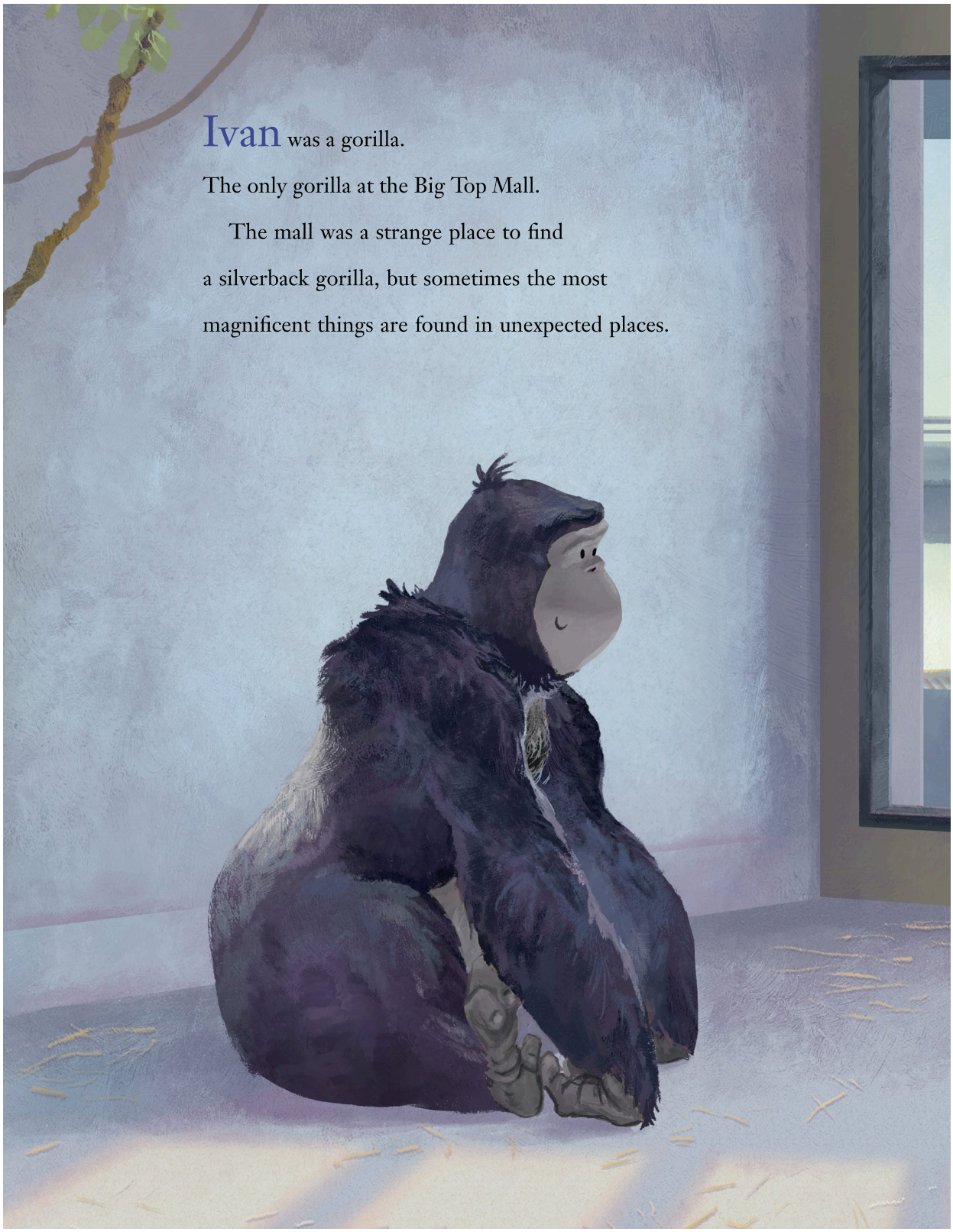
Los Angeles • New York

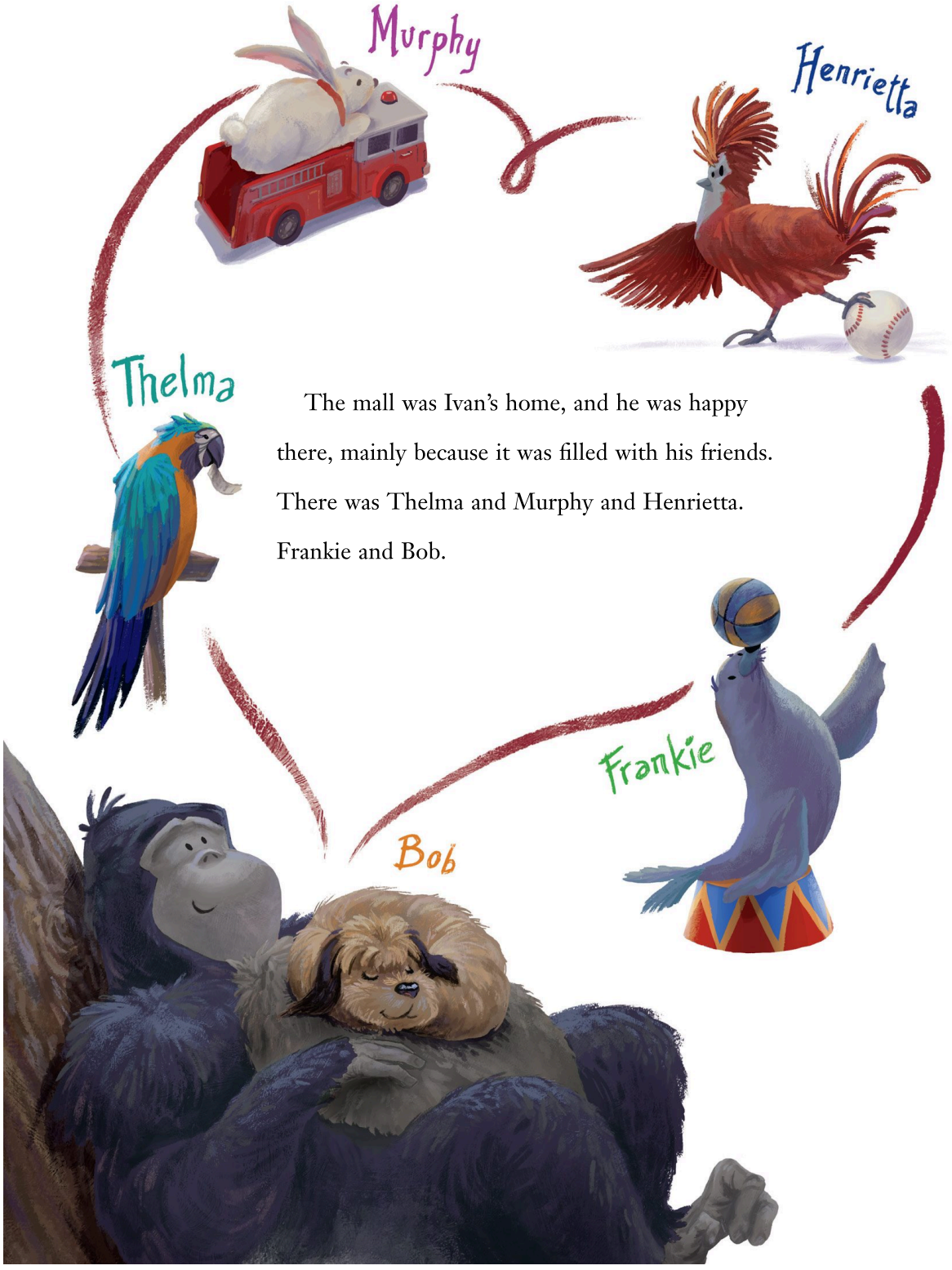


Ivan was a gorilla.

The only gorilla at the Big Top Mall.

The mall was a strange place to find a silverback gorilla, but sometimes the most magnificent things are found in unexpected places.

& VIDEO ARCADE
ONE AND ONLY
IVAN
EXIT 8



The mall was Ivan's home, and he was happy there, mainly because it was filled with his friends. There was Thelma and Murphy and Henrietta. Frankie and Bob.

And then there was

Ruby.

Ruby was the newest member of the Big Top, and she had a *lot* to learn.

"Those are sneakers," Ivan informed her. "Humans think sneakers make them run fast, like cheetahs.

"And that's a turtleneck. Why anyone would want to look like a turtle, I'll never know.

"And that green stuff? Dry leaves. But humans don't eat them. They prefer the pink clouds."

"What's that?"

Ruby asked, pointing at a pile of sticks.

"Crayons," said Ivan.

"They help me *draw* pink clouds . . .

and blue lakes and green forests."

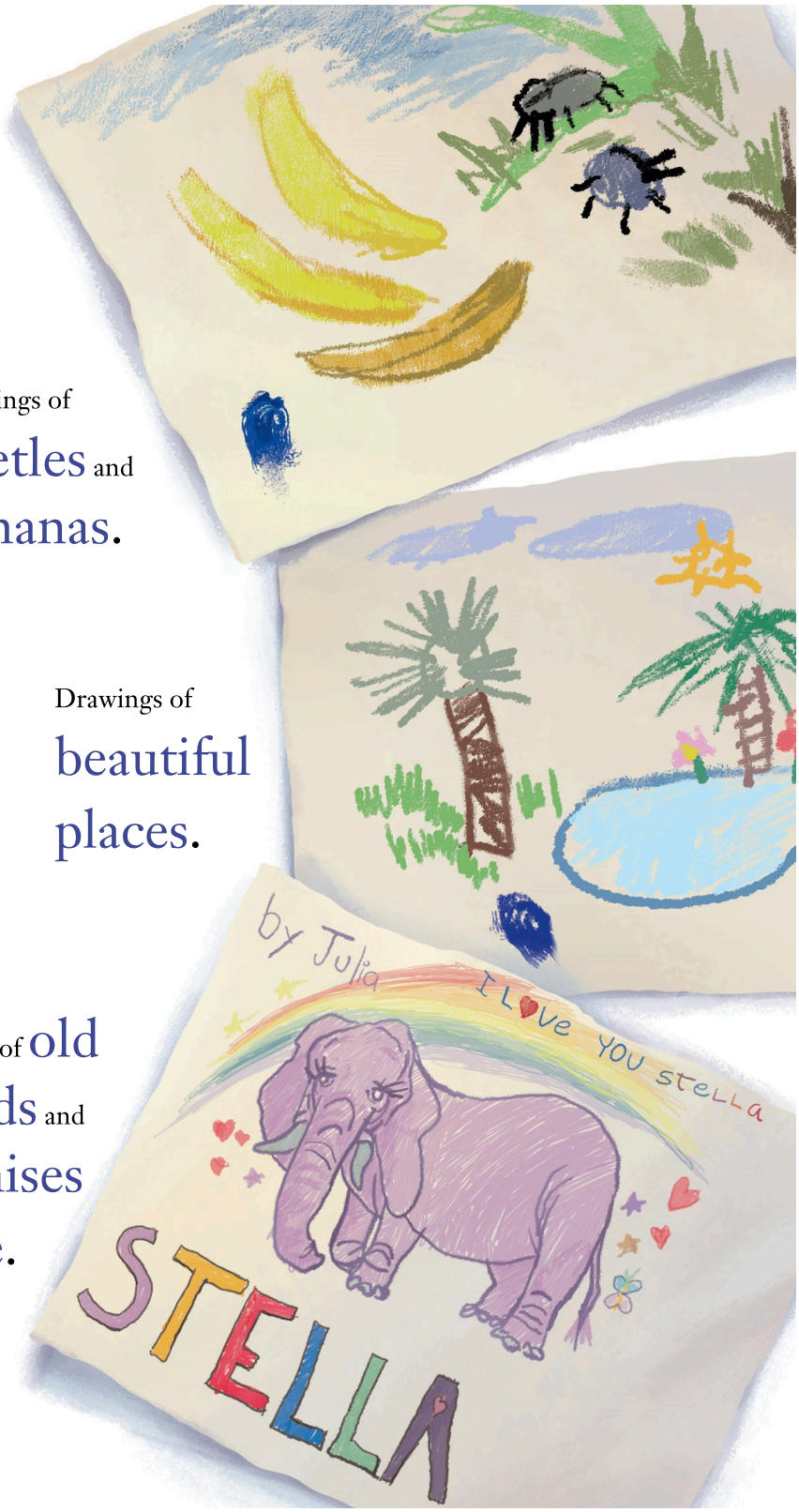
"Ivan is crazy about his crayons!" Bob piped up. "*And* his drawings."

Bob was right.
Ivan's domain was
filled with drawings.

Drawings of
beetles and
bananas.

Drawings of
beautiful
places.

Drawings of old
friends and
promises
made.

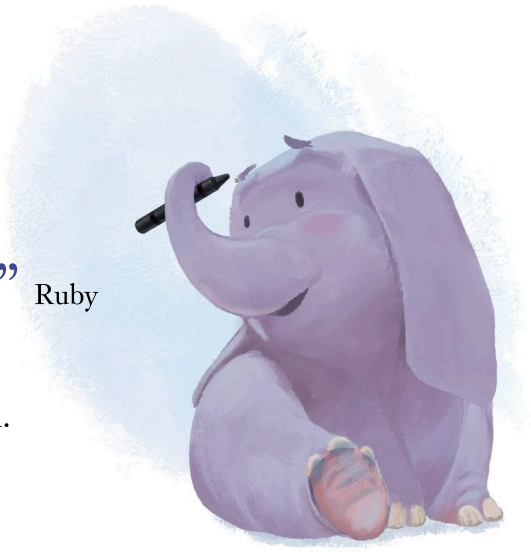


"Draw me!" Bob demanded. "You never draw me. I am completely drawable. And adorable!"

"It doesn't always work like that," Ivan said. "Art has to come from the heart."

"Well, I sleep on your heart every night. Doesn't that count for something?"

"It accounts for my matted fur," Ivan replied.



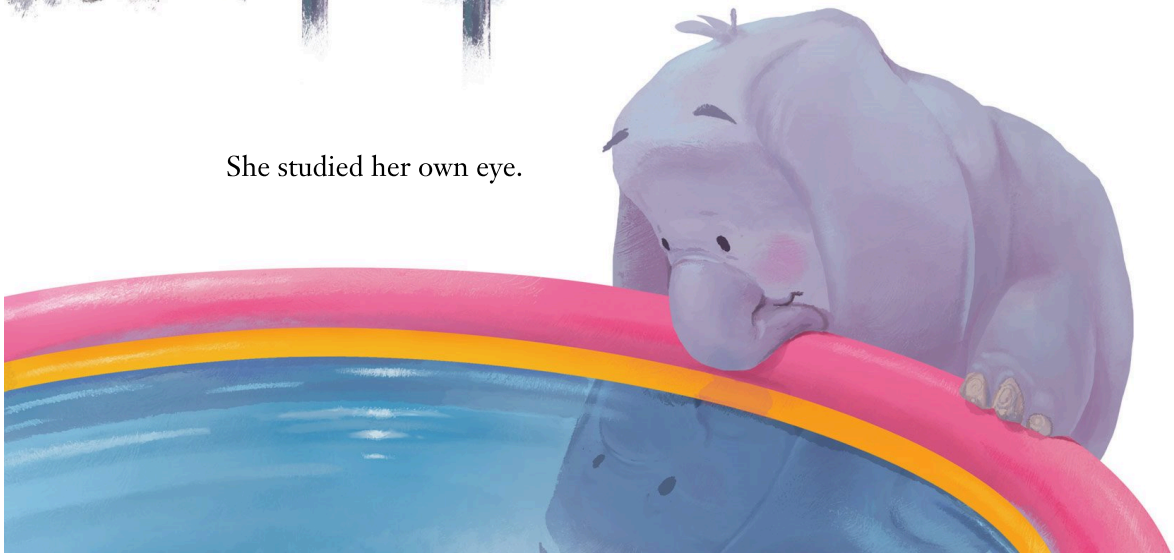
"Can I try drawing?" Ruby asked.

Ivan handed her a crayon.

Ruby looked closely into Ivan's eye.

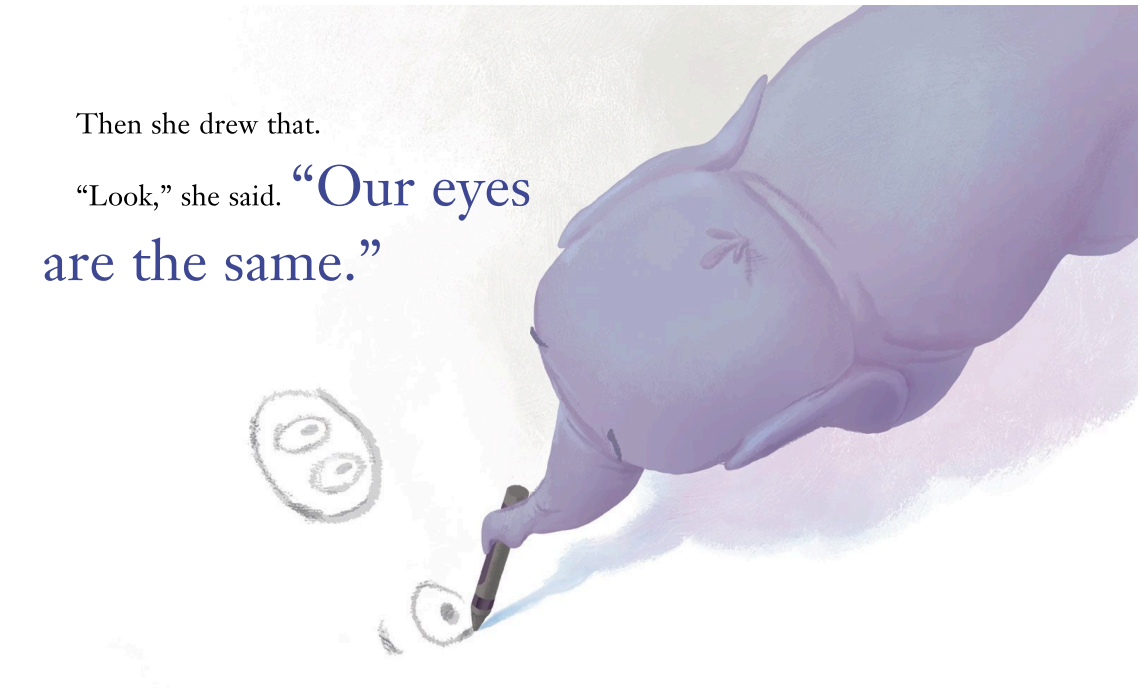
Then she drew it.

She studied her own eye.



Then she drew that.

"Look," she said. "Our eyes are the same."



And they were, both round and dark and beautiful.

Ruby finished drawing Ivan, then rummaged through the pile.

"Where's the color of me?" she asked.

There was no crayon that matched Ruby's wrinkly skin.

Ivan reached for a small box. Inside was a silver crayon his human friend Julia had given him.

Ivan had been saving it for something important.

"That's not the color of me," Ruby said.

"It's so bright and shiny and special." Ivan laughed.

"That's exactly
what you are, Ruby.
On the inside."

Ruby hesitantly took the crayon.

"Go ahead," Ivan said. "Sometimes art isn't just what you see. Sometimes it's what you feel."

Ruby colored herself silver.

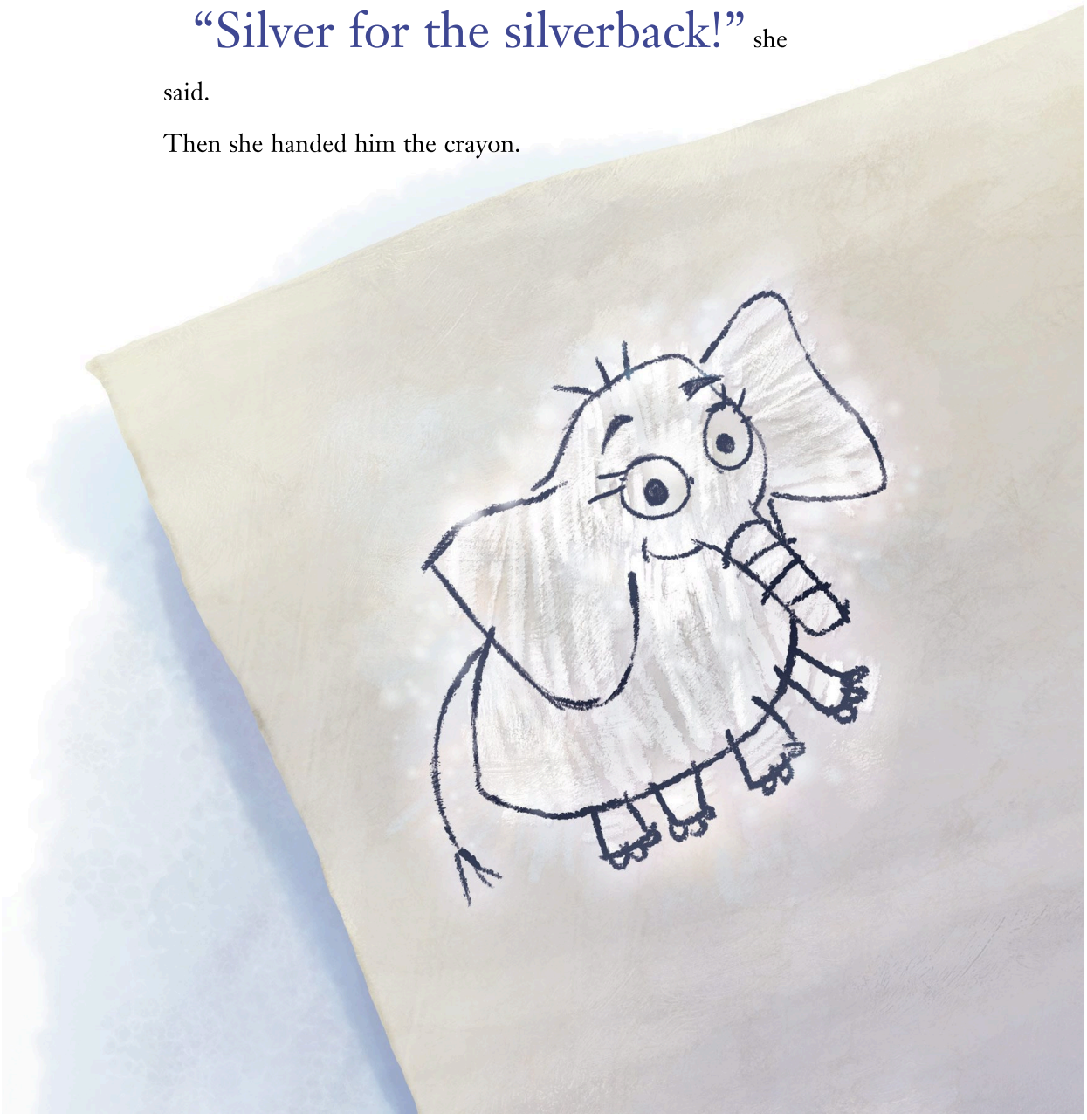
And Ivan was right.

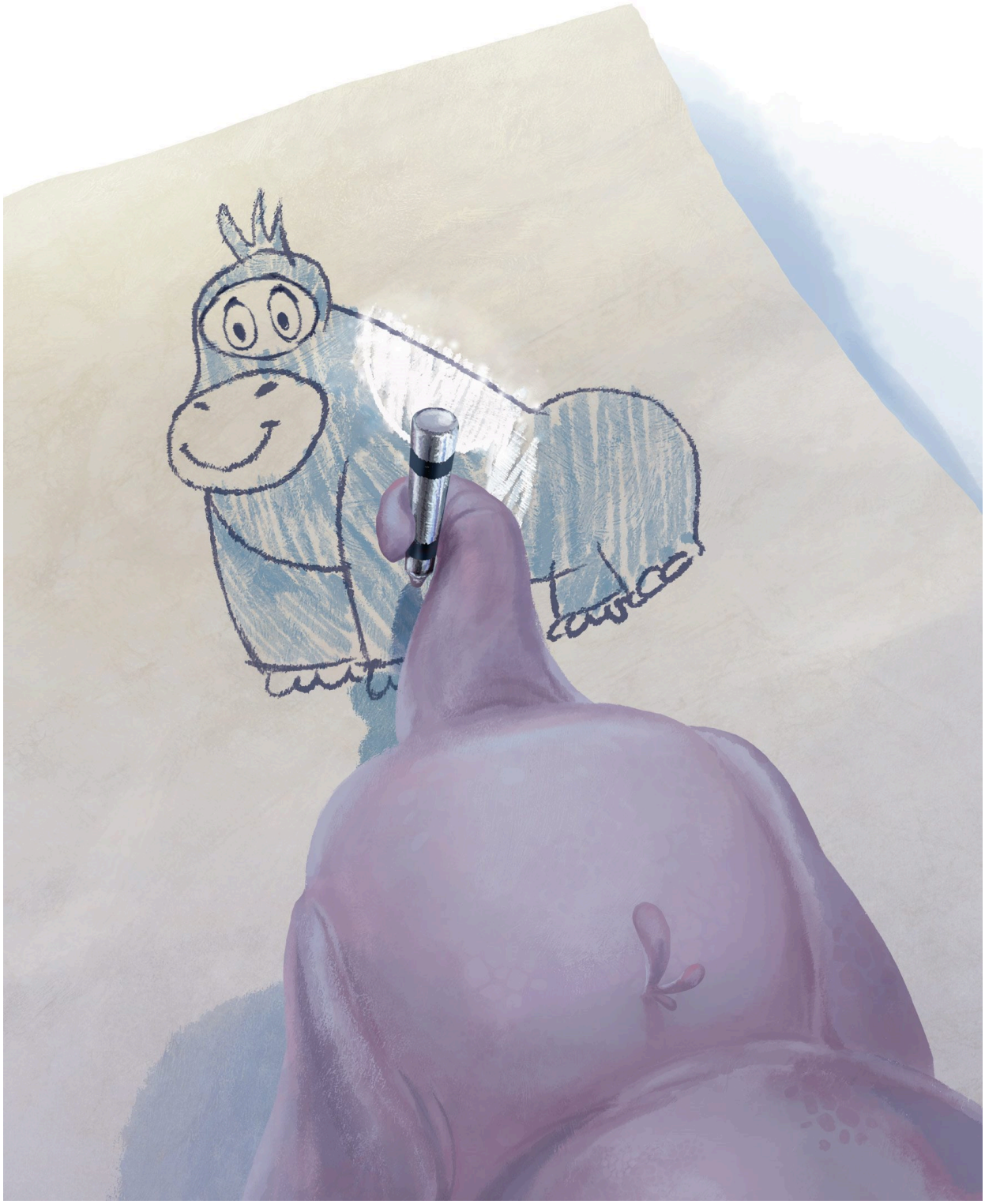
She did look exactly how Ivan made her feel.

She added some more silver to the drawing.

"Silver for the silverback!" she said.

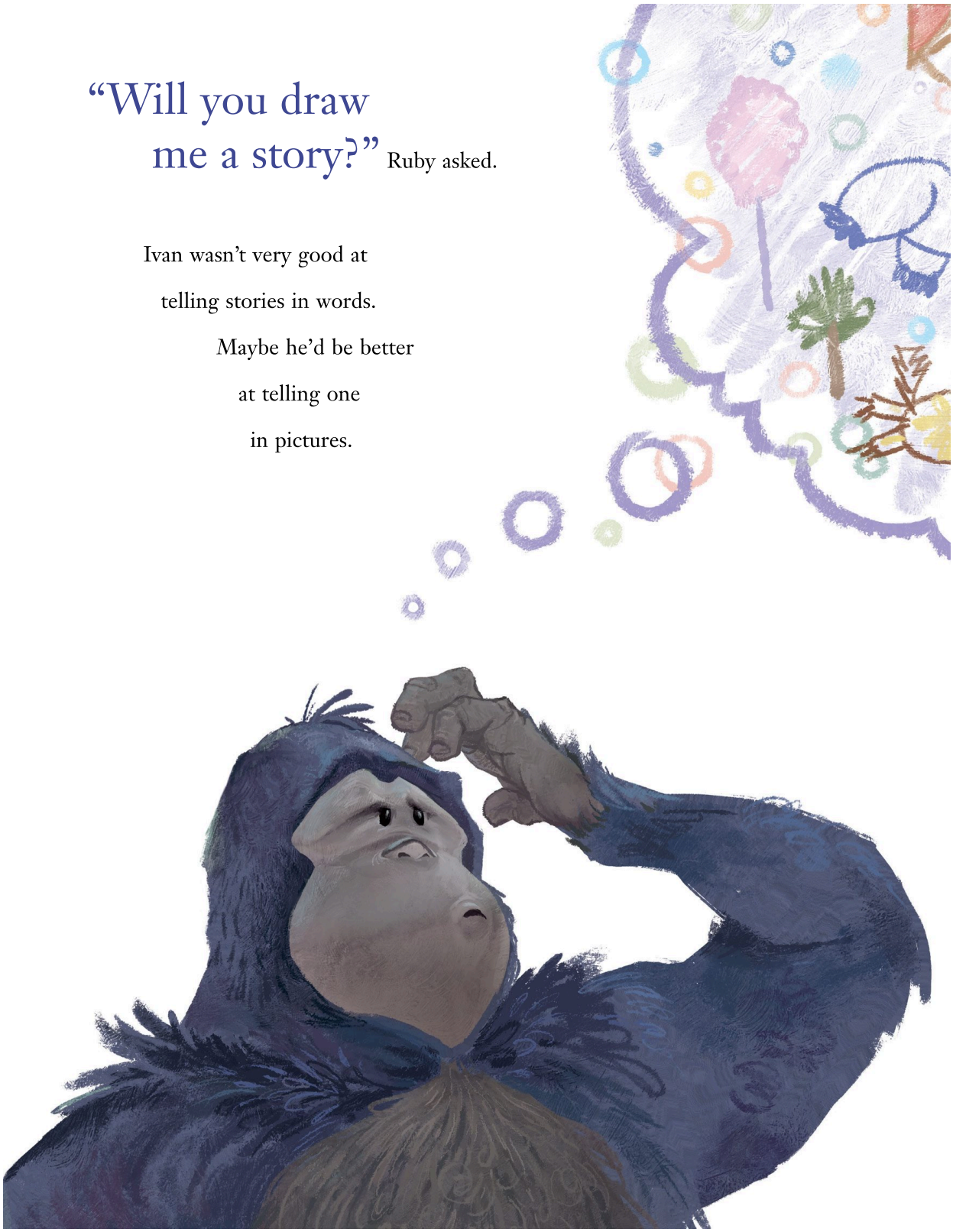
Then she handed him the crayon.





“Will you draw
me a story?” Ruby asked.

Ivan wasn’t very good at
telling stories in words.
Maybe he’d be better
at telling one
in pictures.



He thought for a long time.

Then he drew line after line after line.

And, finally, two lines next to each other.

“Whoa,”

said Bob. “Is that modern art?”

Ivan arranged the pages on the floor.

1
=
2

"That's not a story," Bob said. "That's math."

"It *is* a story. It's the story of us," Ivan told Ruby.

"The One and Only Ivan

and the One and Only Ruby,

always Two-gether."

“Bob too?” Ruby asked.

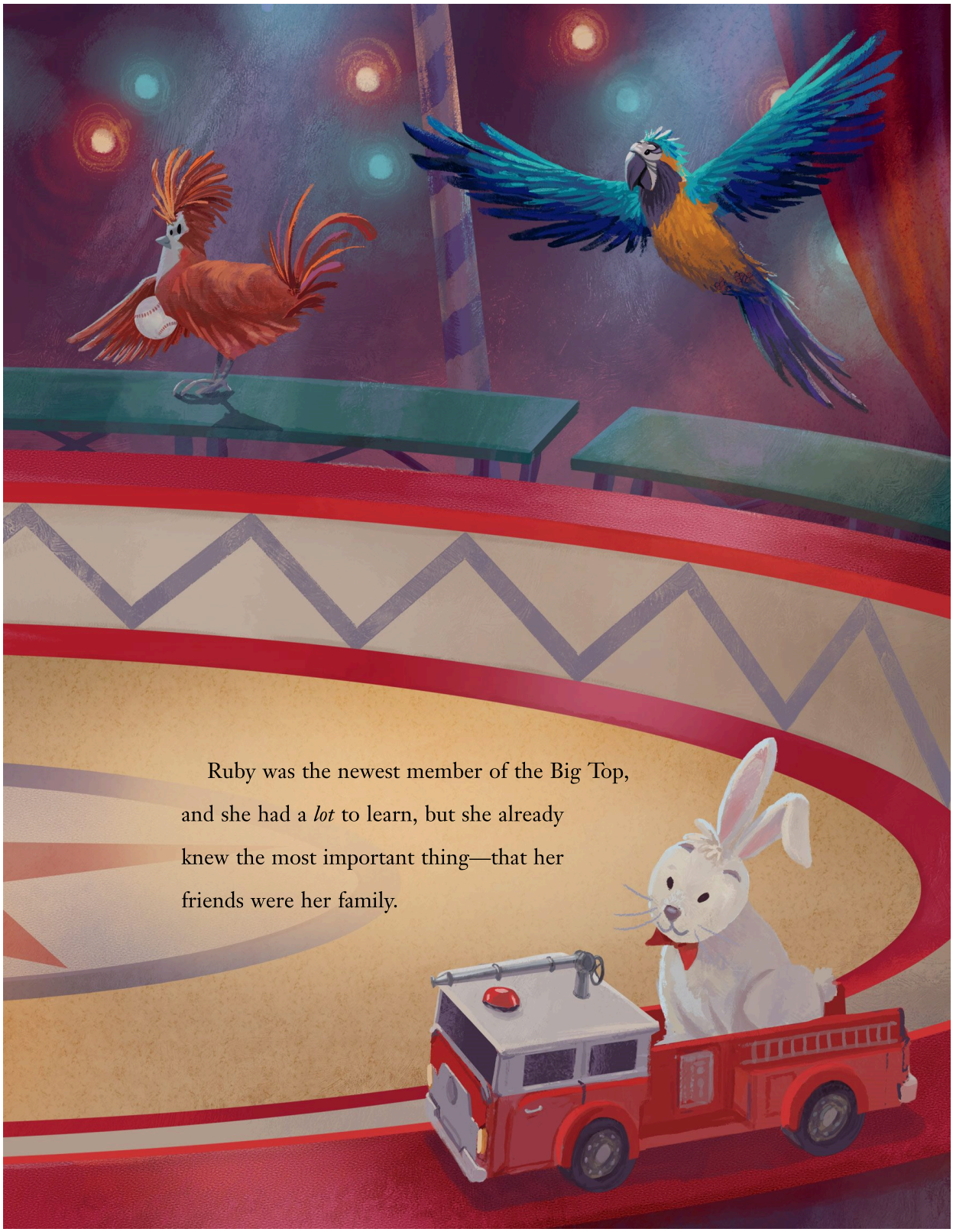
“Bob too!” Ivan agreed.

“And Thelma and Murphy and Frankie and Henrietta,” she added.

“That makes seven,” Bob said.

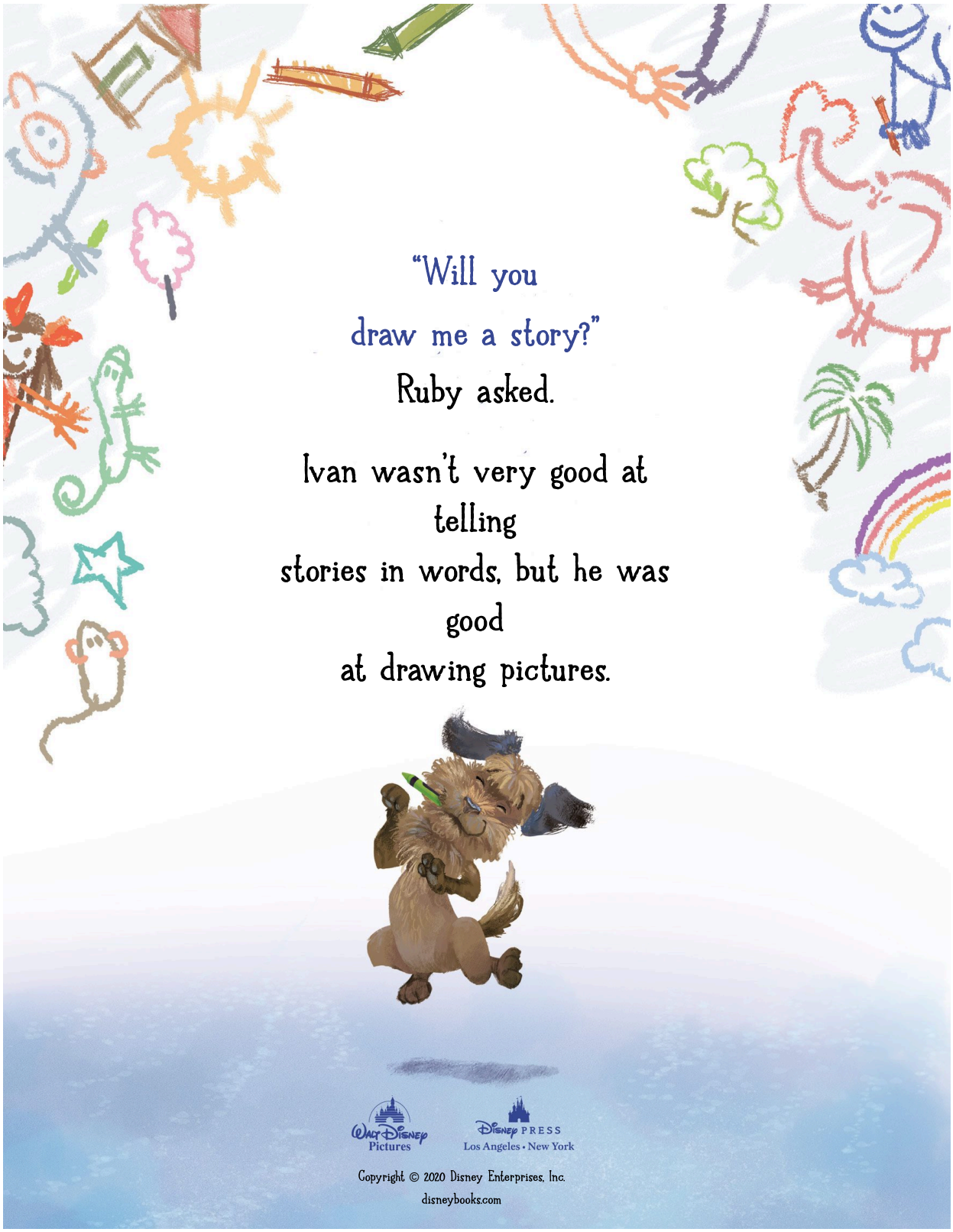
1
+
1
+
=

"It makes one," Ruby corrected. "One family."



Ruby was the newest member of the Big Top, and she had a *lot* to learn, but she already knew the most important thing—that her friends were her family.

Did you know the character of Ivan was based on a true story? Ivan was a lowland gorilla born in 1962 in central Africa. He was saved from poachers in the wild and spent the next twenty-seven years of his life in a concrete enclosure at a shopping mall in Tacoma, Washington. In 1995, the animal rights group PAWS successfully raised thirty thousand dollars to purchase Ivan and relocate him to the Atlanta Zoo, where he spent the rest of his years in peace. His life remains an example of the hope a community can inspire, and the change it can create.



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